And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truely.
Arc. Fie Sir.
You play the Childe extreamely: I will love her,
I muſt, I ought to doe ſo, and I dare,
And all this juſtly.
Pal. O that now, that now
Thy falſe-ſelfe and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one howre at liberty, and graſpe
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What tw'er to filch affection from another:
Thou art baſer in it then a Cutpurſe;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a ſoule, Ile naile thy life too't.
Arc. Thou dar'ſt not foole, thou canſt not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I ſee her next
Enter Keeper.
And pitch between her armes to anger thee.
Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I ſhall live
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.
Arc. Doe.
Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen:
Pala. Now honeſt keeper?
Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you muſt preſently to'th Duke;
The cauſe I know not yet.
Arc. I am ready keeper.
Keeper, Prince *Palamon*, I muſt awhile bereave you
Of your faire Coſens Company.
Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.
Pal. And me too,
Even when you pleaſe of life; why is he ſent for?
It may be he ſhall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falſehood,
Why ſhould a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife ſo noble, and ſo faire;
Let honeſt men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but ſee this faire O
And fruite, and flowers mo
As her bright eies ſhine on
For all the fortune of my lif
Yon little Tree, yon bloom
How I would ſpread, and f
In at her window; I would
Fit for the Gods to feed on
Still as ſhe taſted ſhould be
And if ſhe be not heavenly
So neere the Gods in natur

And then I am ſure ſhe wo
Wher's *Arcite*,
Keeper, Baniſhd: Princ
Obtained his liberty; but n
Vpon his oth and life muſt
Vpon this Kingdome.
Pal. Hees a bleſſed man,
He ſhall ſee Thebs againe, a
The bold yong men, that
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* ſha
If he dare make himſelfe a
Yet in the Feild to ſtrike a b
And if he loſe her then, he's
How bravely may he beare
If he be noble *Arcite*; thouſ
Were I at liberty, I would
Of ſuch a vertuous greatnes
This bluſhing virgine ſhoul
And ſeeke to raviſh me.
Keeper, My Lord for yo
I have this charge too.
Pal. To diſcharge my lif
Keep. No, but from this pl
The windowes are too open
Pal. Devils take 'em
That are ſo envious to me; p

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C